TO THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

A Tale of the Sepoy Mutiny.

BY L. J. BEESTON.

FOILED in his attempt to escape, Major Arthur Fitzgerald-Lascelles sat near to a corner of the dungeon and watched the tarantulas. The tarantulas, bodies elevated on hairy legs, regarded the major. Their name was legion. Upon the projecting angle, from floor to ceiling, hideous, fat, loathsome, they sat patiently.

Close by the Major, with chin resting upon drawn-up knees, sat Color-Sergeant John Halliwell. This man had no eyes for the tarantulas; his mind was introspective. Strange reptiles crawled over his motionless feet, but he heeded them not. At times his companion swore, loudly and fiercely; the Color-Sergeant uttered never a word. Occasionally the former jumped and stamped round the dismal apartment; the latter never raised his head.

The dungeon was subterraneous to the extent of ten feet. High up on one side of the room an opening resembling a balistraria admitted cross lights of feeble light. The massive walls were mucid with damp and the unwholesome air. At intervals the moisture swelled into huge drops and splashed upon the green floor. Sometimes one fell upon a spider and made it shiver; but the tarantulas never stirred, only just waited, waited.

Half an hour in this dungeon would have cowed a savage dog. Yet into it had thrown his brother man. Whom did it belong? To the Rajah Dhoondoo better known as Nana Sahib of execrable memory.

It was the year '57, when the flames of rebellion swept over India, every day

Major Lascelles grew sullen and irritable, though he controlled his feelings. He resumed his limited walk, with arms folded and face frowning. The Color-Sergeant continued to sit motionless. Thus for an hour both maintained an almost intolerable silence, until a key grated harshly and the door of the dungeon was flung open. Half a dozen Sepoys entered, and the two Englishmen were led forth.

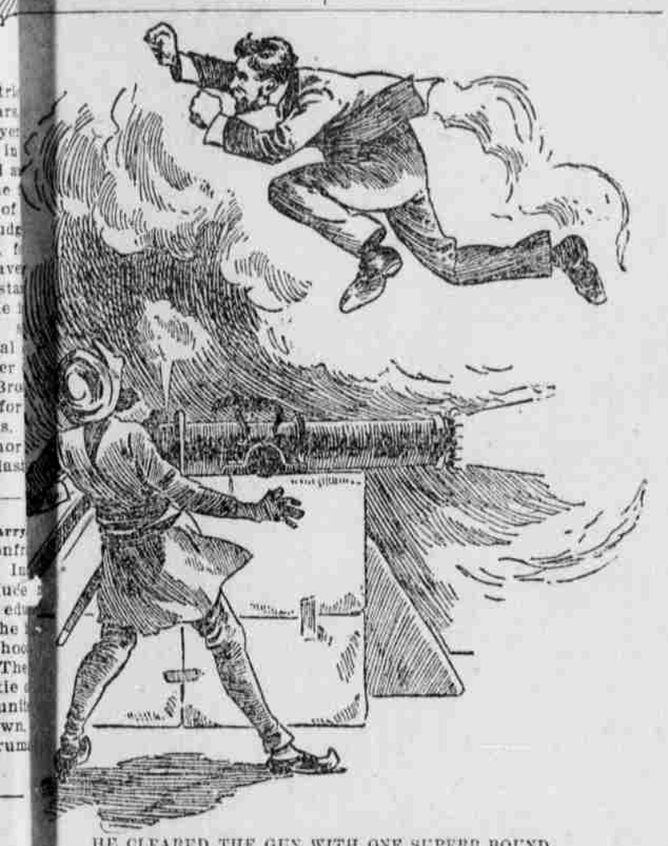
Hundreds of eyes followed their egress. The tarantulas, it seemed, were doomed to disappointment.

Down a flight of stone steps, through subteranean passage reeking with damp, up again into a drier atmosphere, through more corridors tortuous and innumerable, all forming part of the great palace of the wealthy Rajah of Bhitoor, were the prisoners led by their dusky guard.

All this abruptly terminated. Darkness gave place to light, squalor to splendor, misery to magnificence. They were confronted by the Rajah himself in one of his state apartments.

The Mahratta prince stood surrounded by the emblems of wealth and Eastern luxury. The heavy fragrance of incense was in the air, water splashed in marble basins, light entered through windows of delicately-tinted glass. One of these windows was flung open, and by it stood the Rajah, attended by three of his suite. Upon a motion from him the two prisoners, their arms securely held, were led forward.

The Rajah's eyes filled with an evil fire as he glared upon the men who had once esteemed themselves his friends; for they, in company with others, had not infrequently shared his hospitality. The nation which



HE CLEARED THE GUN WITH ONE SUPERB BOUND.

aught with incidents dramatic, pathetic, terrible. The following narration of one such incident the story of a fiend's thought, madman's exultation, of the of the Tiger of Cawnpore.

II.

Color-Sergeant John Halliwell, of his kind, loved his life. he was about to lose it; that him grave. He also loved a The loss of the one implied of the other; this made him Presently he looked towards panion, and seemed about to Then, thinking better of it, once more lost in meditation. he asked himself, should he the confession? Probably he he harshly rebuked for his ; he would draw upon him- Major's wrath, and all to no seeing that death lay just that little iron door. But such an hour a man yearns his heart to his fellow. Pos- o, his companion might es- nd though he might refuse he of the living, yet the message ead is sacred.

," he began—peril had bred between the superior and ordinate—"Major, I have g to tell you."

ajor's knitted brows relaxed. d in his walk.

did not believe, sir, that I ght my last battle, my secret ave remained unrevealed. It ssible that one of us may see again. If that one should elf, sir, will you deliver a from me?"

certainly, Halliwell. What

ssage, sir, to your daughter e, whom heaven preserve land gone mad! I love her. angry. I cannot help it. e angel of my life."

ound it, sir! But I am angry, angry, too! By jove, you , my friend."

not disturb you, sir. Life ve given her to me—I be- ould have done; for, had I so miserably caught, I would n promotion at this time, nor and glory lie within the every brave man. And with all respect, my lineage comparison with yours. But ll, Dundoo Pant's word is han yours, Major. Only I you, sir, should you elude hes of this most infamous is Nana Sahib, to tell Con- at one man met his end un- y, thinking of her bonny heaven reflected therein."

pake John Halliwell, know- g of the terror to come

now holds his name in deepest loathing once trusted Nana Sahib as an ally, until thwarted ambition—breeding successfully hatred, treachery and revenge—turned the prince into a traitor, the man into a tiger.

His prisoners regarded him with proud indifference. He smiled, and pointed a bejeweled finger through the window. The men's eyes followed the direction of the gesture.

Cawnpore lay stretched out before hundreds of bamboo and mud huts interspersed indiscriminately with public buildings of a more substantial structure. The broad river appeared as a streak of silver; the minarets flashed in the golden sunlight.

"Down—look down." It was the Rajah who spoke.

They obeyed, and this is what they saw:

A long court of extreme narrowness, bounded on either side by edifices apparently consisting of the quarters allotted to the prince's retainers. At the near end of this court, and almost against the palace wall, a square, thick iron shield had been erected. At the opposite end, some fifty to seventy yards distant, a cannon stood mounted upon a stone carriage. The polished steel gleamed in the sunlight. The piece was a muzzle-loading nine-pounder.

Major Lascelles shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course, you see the scoundrel's game, Halliwell," he whispered. "It seems we shall have to run a race." And his face grew white as death.

Softly though the words were uttered, the Rajah's attentive ear did not miss them.

"A race—that is it," he said, his voice trembling with half suppressed excitement. "A race for life. See, I am merciful. If you leap the gun before the fuse burns to the touch-hole, you shall dine with me to-night, and go where you will with the sunrise. You first; the other remains—to observe."

At a glance from the Rajah's stern eyes Major Lascelles was seized; but the officer, by a powerful effort, wrenched himself free, and faced upon his captors with a look rendered more terrible by its despair than by its anger. While they hesitated, the Major turned to his companion with extended hand.

"Halliwell, you have my word. If I escape I will deliver your message. God bless my darling girl."

Halliwell gripped the hand offered to him and wrung it fervently.

"Thank you, Major. Heaven help you. Good-bye. And run hard—hard! One never knows you know"

The next instant the Major had gone.

III.

In a few moments he appeared in the court and took his station in front of the iron shield, facing the gun. Two Sepoys held him by the arms, awaiting the signal. Halliwell could see it all clearly; the loading of the gun, the careful adjustment of the fuse.

"He will never do it," groaned the Color-Sergeant inwardly. "He's too fat. He will be blown to shivers."

Suddenly the man at the gun raised his hand and touched off the fuse. At the same instant the Major was pushed forward. He bounded with great swiftness down the passage, so narrow that he had scarcely room to swing his arms. In a trice he had covered a quarter of the ground—a half—three-quarters. Then Halliwell cried, "Merciful Powers!" for a horrible jet of red flame burst from the cannon's mouth.

A man's body cannot check a charge of grape shot, so the missiles came on, all bloody, and smashed into the iron shield. Major Lascelles had been blown to pieces. The watchers at the window heard the patter of a ghastly rain upon the stones.

Halliwell turned his face to the prince, to show him that a soldier can look upon a soldier's death and not flinch. The Nana's dusky skin had paled a little. He took some grapes from a dish, and ate them slowly. Then he turned to one of his retinue.

"The cursed Feringhee has lost a dinner."

The man smiled and bowed without replying.

"This one is thin. Think you he will run faster?"

"Your highness will have the better sport. Dundoo Pant traced a pattern with his foot upon the cloth of silver. His brow grew sullen; he seemed to anticipate the vengeance of a Havelock. Presently he said:

"Let him try."

Halliwell was led from the apartment. He paid no heed to the changed scene. A face swam before his eyes, the face of a woman into whose heart a great sorrow would shortly come, a woman left fatherless. The vision lent him strength, gave courage to his sinking heart and vigor to his limbs, which privation and imprisonment had weakened.

Then he realized that he was facing the grim muzzle of the cannon. Never runner toed the mark in so dreadful a race. He saw the gunner attending to his piece, watched him brush away the priming, and carefully reload. His feelings were indescribable. The sunlight flashing on the steel trunnions dazzled his eyes. He clenched his hands, clenched his teeth.

"For life and love," he muttered, "and the rest with God."

Suddenly he received a violent push, and knew that the fearful sprint had commenced.

Have you ever, in the grip of nightmare, run from one who follows fast? You strive to fly, but your feet cling to the ground, and you only crawl. The sensation is maddening. So it was with John Halliwell. The stone flags seemed glued to his limbs; in reality he scarcely touched them at all. Every nerve, every muscle of the man were engaged in the frightful struggle. The gunner, who stood by his piece, recoiled with amazement from the face of the Englishman, who, rushing down upon him, cleared the gun with one superb bound, even as the leaden death roared out.

The Color-Sergeant waited not to test the verity of the Rajah's word, and the invitation to dinner failed to tempt him just then. He continued his rapid course, through the maze of mud-huts and cocoa-palms, over the baked plain, and finally plunged into the river, which bore him, half-swimming, half-floating upon its deep and even current. The Nana never saw his prisoner again.

The Color-Sergeant had won his life.

Two years subsequently Lieutenant-Colonel John Halliwell won a prize even more dear to him.—Cassel's Magazine.

Frost and Its Formation.

A farmer's bulletin on the subject of protection from frost has been prepared by E. B. Garriett, professor of meteorology of the weather bureau, at Washington. The bulletin defines frost and the conditions which favor its formation, and gives the methods of protection which have been found practicable by experiments. It tells when to expect frosts and describes devices for preventing the rapid radiation of heat, for charging the air with moisture, and for adding moisture to the air. Some facts regarding freezes, which are destructive alike to tender vegetation and to plants of hardier growth, are also given. The bulletin says that in the dry climate of the citrus fruit region of California and in the promising fruit districts of Arizona small and numerous fires, preferably of coal burned in iron baskets, have been found to be the most effective device used for protection against frost; second in point of utility may be placed irrigation; the practical process which affords the least protection appears to be smudge fires. In the orange-growing districts of the South irrigation affords the most effective protection against frost, while in regions where this process can not be employed damp smudge fires, properly handled, are best adapted to general use.

Capacity of a Baggage Car.

A large baggage car will hold about 200 trunks, a small one about 150 trunks. At terminal stations no baggage master in the car will have a man to help him handle the baggage and stack it as it comes in. The baggage is piled, of course, with a view to its convenient distribution at the stations where it is to go. It is also stacked so that the checks and marks can be read easily, and it is piled in such a way that it will ride to the best advantage and with the least likelihood of damage; all the work of an expert in the handling of baggage.

Ton of Horseshoes Returned One by One.

Four Bethehem boys, who stole nearly a ton of horseshoes from a blacksmith, were compelled to carry them back, one by one, through the main street of the town, and were then forgiven. The lads traveled 27½ miles apiece in returning the stolen property, and were then publicly spanked by their parents.—Philadelphia Record.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—For outdoor children's garments the new models show a somewhat puzzling variety. First of all, jackets of all

PELISSE FOR FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

shapes and lengths, and pelisses covering the skirt, then there are capes which will be much more worn than last year.

These are made round with but little trimming and reaching slightly below the waistline. They are frequently constructed with small pelerines, one, two or even three, superposed, and fastening at the foot of the collar by loops and buttons, so that they can be added or not at will.

They are chiefly made in cloth or Scotch tweed, and many have plaid pelerines, covering the shoulders only and forming the trimming, or the long cape itself is plaid and the smaller ones plain.

In the accompanying cut, reproduced from the Dry Goods Economist, is shown a coat-shaped pelisse for girl of five years. The material is white cloth. The revers of white velvet, stitched, are repeated on the cuffs and pockets. Three double rows of round crystal buttons ornament the front.

For young children, say from five to eight, jackets are mostly made loose with straight backs and fronts, with turned-back revers and no collar.

Hats in Endless Profusion.

Hats for the season now at its height present a bewildering display. They are weighted with fruits and berries, leaves and blossoms which have been turned by the sun and frost in the workrooms. Straws the like of which never have been seen in a field are presented in combinations which require great courage to wear.

A toque of several shades of violet velvet in bands, interlaced with a black Paradise feather, fastened by a jeweled rosette, is among the recent styles, and is suitable for evening wear.

For visiting there is a broad-brimmed straw, lifted at the sides underneath by velvet bows and bands. It has three waving ostrich plumes, and pendant from the back are black mousseline de soie strings, which are tied under the chin a little to the side.

Most becoming to a young face is another broad hat in green fancy straw. Swathed around its crown is mousseline, the lightest shade of green. Clusters of cherries and their leaves finish the combination.

Brims are all wide in the new hats. One, loaded with autumn flowers, with loops of wired black velvet ribbon wreathed over them, is a charming creation, but this, too, is fastened by velvet ties.

The ever serviceable if not always appropriate sailor is to be found in all sorts and conditions among the new millinery. Those which are trimmed with ribbon or wide velvet in loops at the back are the only novelties in this line.

Gray Fashionable For Weddings.

The most charming materials for gowns to be worn at the weddings of the season are designed in gray crepe de chine garnished with gray pearl embroidery, and with such a gown a very flat-topped turban of gray silk, wound with a scarf of pearl bedewed white chiffon, is the smart and proper thing. No note of color is thought well of in connection with these very neutral harmonies, and for all stately affairs it is interesting to learn that

trains will be even longer than we have ever before worn them.

The New Jacket.

A very pretty new-shaped jacket is close fitting in the back and sides with rather long basques rounded off abruptly and terminating at the side darts. The front of the jacket is formed of a broad tab, rounded at its lowest extremity, and, though shorter than the basques, still of considerable length. It causes the jacket to stand off from the figure in front and nevertheless imparts a graceful curve to the form. Two small square revers high up on the breast and a Medici collar at the back only.

Fashion's Newest Fancy.

The young person who is fond of being tailor made may now add to her wardrobe a silk tailor-made gown. It is one of fashion's newest fancies. The silk tailored gown must be severely plain. It is very effective if made by an expert and trimmed with bands of machine stitching.

A Beautiful Chatelaine.

Many unique designs in jewelry now appear in the showcases and on fashionable women. The newest chatelaine is small and of heart shape. It is a circle of pearls around a tiny enamelled flower with a diamond centre. The flower should be the flower of a girl's birthday month.

The Golf Cape Holds Its Own.

The utility of a golf cape as an all round, ever-ready garment is still indisputable, and in the latest cuts—when made from the newest Scotch plaid two-faced materials—they are surely attractive enough to please even the most fastidious.

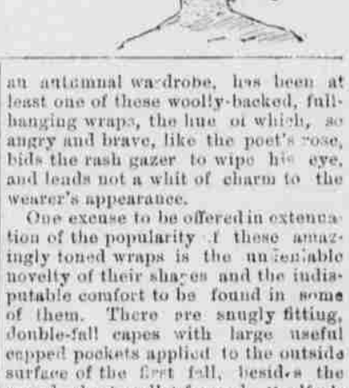
Favorites With Young Women.

An inordinate craze for novelties really seizes only very young women, and it is with these, if with any, that the bright Highland plaids now seen in such great profusion will find much favor for dress fabrics.

Plaids Are Epidemic.

Plaids of the most pronounced type can now truthfully be said to be epidemic, so few women are there who are free from the infection.

The initial purchase of the season by every maid and matron, just entering on the delightful task of collecting



A LATE PLAID WRAP.

an autumnal wardrobe, has been at least one of these woolly-backed, full-hanging wraps, the hue of which, so angry and brave, like the poet's rose, bids the rash gazer to wipe his eye, and lends not a whit of charm to the wearer's appearance.

One excuse to be offered in extenuation of the popularity of these amazingly toned wraps is the undeniable novelty of their shapes and the indisputable comfort to be found in some of them. There are snugly fitting, double-fall capes with large useful capped pockets applied to the outside surface of the first fall, besides the round short collet formed "golfer's friend," which wears a deep circular flounce piped on the skirt of the garment. One and all these seem arranged to give the arms free play without exposing the rest of the body to the winds.

The Styles Suitable For Women.

Tall, slim women are best adapted by nature to carry off the present styles.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Macadam Roads.

"As the necessity for good roads increases, more frequent attempts are made by the country road builders to construct stone or macadam roads. Failures are especially numerous in respect to the methods adopted," says Otto Dorner, Chairman of the L. A. W. Highway Improvement Committee.

"We may expect that, in time, the construction of stone roads will become as familiar to farmers as the growing of wheat, but at present there is very little general information on the subject.

"The two points to be observed in building stone roads are, first, to provide a proper foundation, and second, to roll and compact the stone metal with the utmost thoroughness. To begin with, the subsoil, which is to serve as a foundation for the stone, must be properly crowned, sloping down from the middle to each side of the road, and must then be rolled until it is absolutely hard and smooth. The road should take its shape from the shape of the foundation. The stone is but a covering or roof for the protection of the ground beneath. In order that this roof may be solid, it must rest upon something absolutely firm. A soft earth bottom cannot support a stone roadway intended for ordinary heavy travel. Where the road is built upon low ground, the foundation should be drained as well.

"The stone used should be put down in layers not more than four inches thick, and it is well, where several layers of stone are used, to sort the material and to use the larger pieces for the lower layer. This sorting is done by means of a rotary screen attached to the rock crusher. In building macadam roads in Massachusetts and Ontario, the lower layer is usually composed of stone which will pass through a hole two and one-half inches in diameter. The second layer usually consists of pieces which will pass through a one and one-half inch hole.

"Rolling is the most important point in the treatment of macadam or stone roads. A heavy roller should always be used, heavy enough to wedge the pieces of stone firmly together. The roller accomplishes this by shifting the pieces about until each is lodged firmly between adjoining pieces, which readily explains the greater effectiveness of the heavy machine. Two things may prevent successful rolling; either the failure to provide a solid foundation, or the practice, which is very common, of spreading gravel or dirt over a layer of stone before it is rolled. The idea of using such a 'binder' is a bad mistake. In either event, the dirt or gravel, getting between the loose particles of stone, will prevent their becoming firmly wedged. A mixing of stone and earth, which is thus frequently brought about in an attempt to build a macadam road, is little better than an ordinary dirt road; indeed, it is inferior in some particulars. The material in a road thus constructed is sure to shift about under the pressure of passing narrow tired wheels, which result in the larger pieces of stone working their way to the top, rendering the road rough and uncomfortable for travel. The best way to help the stone to 'bind' is to thoroughly sprinkle it with water before and during the rolling process. Almost every kind of stone has more or less cementing qualities, and its saturation with water while it is being rolled serves admirably to help unite the different pieces firmly. The second layer of stone is frequently of less thickness than the layer below. This layer should also be thoroughly and repeatedly rolled without the use of gravel or dirt as a supposed binder, and with the use of abundant water to help in cementing it. After the layers of stone are entirely completed and have been thoroughly rolled and packed, it is well to spread a layer of gravel, by the way of top dressing, and to roll that thoroughly. Better still is to make this layer of stone screenings, which will unite better than gravel does. This dressing will prevent wearing the macadam road proper, and, as it disappears with use and travel, should be renewed from time to time, leaving the stone construction below absolutely perfect."

The Anti-Rut Agitation.

Massachusetts roads are costing all the way from $6000 to $25,000 per mile.

All money spent on repairing earth roads becomes each year a total loss without materially improving their condition.

Whatever road material you use will in time need careful repairs by men skilled in this work. The old adage 'A stitch in time saves nine,' applies here.

The total cost of maintaining roads in good order ranges, on account of varying conditions, between as wide limits almost as the initial cost of construction.

A plan of road building should be adopted in every State, city and town, and at least a portion of carried out each year and the different materials should only be used in their proper place, according to the different conditions that exist in each and every street.

Dirt roads are, as a rule, the most expensive roads that can be used, while on the other hand stone roads, if properly constructed of good material and kept in perfect condition, are the most satisfactory, the cheapest, and most economical roads that can be constructed.

The road that will best suit the needs of the farmer, in the first place, must not be too costly; and, in the second place, must be of the very best kind, for farmers should be able to do their heavy hauling over them when their fields are too wet to work and their team would otherwise be idle.

New Jersey is building more roads and better roads for less money per mile than any other State in the Union. Their roads are now costing from twenty to seventy cents per square yard. Where the telford construction is used they sometimes cost as much as seventy-three cents per square yard.

THE HORSE'S OPINION.

Toil as you will your lever and wheel;
Black your poor brains in the conflict for fame;
Punish your eyes in a scholarly zeal
To fit this contrivance of yours with a name,

'Tis my turn at last. Where the meadows are green
I nibble and neigh and my hind legs I toss.
My heart is o'erjoyed and my mind is serene,
Here's a play day at last. I'm the carriageless hoss.

—Washington Star.

PITH AND POINT.

Mrs. Smythe—"I wonder why old china is so rare and valuable." Mrs. De Jones—"Why, I thought you kept a servant."

A.—"It is when a man is in trouble that he knows the value of a wife." B.—"Yes; he can put all his property in her name."

"Enny umbrellas to mend, mister?" "None to mend and none to lend; the last one was stolen yesterday."—Ohio State Journal.

"There goes one of these women's rights reformers." "How do you know?" "Don't you see his wife is carrying the baby?"

He was a great composer,
And operas he could write,
But he couldn't compose his youngest
When he walked him 'round at night.
—Chicago News.

Lena—"Fred must be in love with you." Edith—"Why do you think so?" Lena—"He asked me if I didn't think you were pretty."—Boston Globe.

"Ah, but Count," she cried, "do you love me for myself alone?" "Yes," he replied, "you are your fazaire's only child."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Customer—"I want to buy a hat." Hatter—"Yes, sir. Would you like a high hat?" Customer—"No; I want something for about a dollar and a half."—Tid-Bits.

"I used to have beans to beat the band," said the wedded coquette. "And now, I suppose," responded her husband "you think you've a husband to beat the carpet? Well, you're mistaken."

Cynthia—"What position do you hold in the engine works, Mr. Fricity?" Alex. Tricity—"I just do odd jobs—sewing on electric buttons and watering the steam-plant."—Princeton Tiger.

"At least," said the artist who was engaged in painting a portrait of the President of the Fat Men's Club, "this is one picture the critics can't accuse of lack of breadth and color."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Guide—"Now you sit right here; don't move, and watch for the deer through the opening." Amateur Sportsman—"When do you think he'll be along?" The Guide—"Oh, some time this week."—Harper's Bazar.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hunewell, as she poured the coffee at breakfast the other morning, "do you believe in the eternal fitness of things?" "I used to," replied Hunewell, "but that was before you began to make my shirts."—Chicago News.

Ambitious Wife—"You were the champion football player at college, weren't you?" Meek Husband—"Y-e-s, m'dear. Why?" Ambitious Wife—"Oh, nothing, nothing. Only that ten-a-week clerk is in the parlor with our daughter again."—Standard.

"Johnnie," said the father, sternly, "your school teacher writes me that you do not behave yourself." "Yes sir," replied the boy. "She says I'm as bad as you were, pop." Whereupon the parent went upstairs to enjoy alone the laugh over old times.—Philadelphia North American.

"Now that you are about to marry," remarked the fond mamma to her only daughter, "it behooves me to speak plainly. You have had your own way all your life, but that must end." "Why, mamma!" exclaimed the prospective bride, "George will let me do just as I please." "Bother George!" retorted the fond mamma; "I'm thinking that you will have to have a cook."—Philadelphia Record.

Told of Daniel Boone.

"Whar yer goin'?"
"When yer goin'?"
"Goin' now, stranger?"
"Ain't got no boat. How you goin' ter get ercross?"
"Boat! Think er crick like this here's goin' ter stop me? Goin' ter ride across, stranger?"

He meant what he said, for the speaker was Daniel Boone, and he sat his horse, gun in hand, on the bluffs where the custom house now stands and gazed across that "crick," the mighty Mississippi, toward the west, "whar he wuz goin'."

This was further back than the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Memphis extends, but tradition says that it took ten men to hold Daniel to keep him from wading his horse across the Mississippi.—Memphis Evening Scimitar.

The Market at Halifax.

The market in Halifax, N. S., always draws many visitors. Up and down and across parts of a dozen streets men, women and children squat upon the sidewalks or tend their stands from the rear of dilapidated carts or other vehicles. Everything that grows in that part of the country is offered for sale in these open markets, especially wild produce, berries, herbs and flowers. Home-made cheese, preserves and the like are set alongside of the measure of potatoes, a pair of ducks, a basket of clams, a half lamb and a basket of berries. Birch bark and sweet grass are utilized by the Indians, who stolidly insist upon two prices for their gaudy baskets and toy canoes.

Slightly Absent Minded.

"Does your husband ever help you about taking care of the baby?" was asked the wife of a young professor in a neighboring city.

"Not often, though sometimes he does. Last evening he said he'd take Willie for an airing as he was going to walk down to the postoffice. Half an hour later I saw my husband sitting on the porch reading a scientific magazine, but I could see nothing of the baby.

"'Where's Willie? What have you done with him?' I asked.

"Why!" said the professor. "I forgot all about him; I think he is sitting in the postoffice."—Detroit Free Press.